

TOWNE TALK

No. 73 April 1965 Bruce F. Towne, Jamaica, Iowa 50128



Mrs. Cardinal

"Not pretty." Mrs. Cardinal
Who looked with eyes unseeing
At you? And failed to note
Your tawny coat with rubies blent
Are wonderful to see.
No matter what to others—
You're beautiful to me!

April Moods

When April in her million moods
Shakes down a fluff of snow
And piles it high in sodden heaps
She knows it soon will go.
Emerging quickly from the chill,
Its wintry bluster soon will fly,
While April wakes the daffodils
And warbling bluebirds skim the sky.

—Maud L. Moser

The Topic of the Day

What's that ringing through the air,
Headline topic everywhere? Clothes!
What can make a fellow sad
Wishin' for things he never had? Clothes!
What can make you down and out
Just for worry and stewing 'bout? Clothes!
What can make the rich turn poor
By spending more and more? Clothes!
What drives husbands near to drink
As they see their pay rolls shrink? Clothes!
What can make you sick and gloom
All disfigured, out of bloom? Clothes!
What can make a fellow glow
Like the Spring itself you know? Clothes!
What can make you look real tall
Lean and lanky, yet not tall? Clothes!
What can make you broad and fat
If you're not so much of that? Clothes!
What makes people gawk and stare
From your heels up to your hair? Clothes!
What makes men bulge out their eyes
Also wondering with surprise? Clothes!
What makes others envy you
Though there is no reason to? Clothes!
What works on your nerves so much
If you haven't many such? Clothes!
What's that we all will rave about
And never hope to live without? Clothes!

—Mrs. Fred Ludwig, Laurens, Iowa

Farewell, Winter

Good by, O Winter. Fare thee well!
Farewell to all thy ills,
To plumbers and pneumonia
And grip and huge coal bills.
Farewell to all the hothouse things
For which we've had to pay;
To deadly dinners and cold feet,
And opera and play.
Farewell! And let's rejoice to feel,
That, with thy vanished snows,
We still may keep in debt to buy
My lady's new spring clothes.
—Anon.

Remodeled Woman

I cannot guess the inwardness
Of Fashion's strange decrees,
For I should think they'd make a dress
To fit the form with ease.
The waist should be, it seems to me,
Where'er by Nature placed,
But study woman, and you'll see
She has a sliding waist.
For now the gown—at least in town—
Ne'er fits the damsel fair;
The waist-line is now up, now down,
Diagonal or square.
You can't evade the truth displayed—
To art her form she owes;
And every year she is remade
To fit the latest clothes.
—Elliot

Cry Baby Cookies

1 $\frac{1}{8}$ cups shortening	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ cups sugar
1 cup molasses	2 eggs, well beaten
4 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour	1 T. baking powder
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. soda	4 ounces cocoanut
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. nuts	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups raisins
	1 cup milk

Cream shortening and sugar. Add molasses and eggs and mix well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and soda. Add alternately with milk. Add cocoanut, nuts and raisins. Drop by spoonful on greased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 10 minutes.

—*Lois Van Sickle*



Memory Gem

There once was a housekeeper
Who scrubbed and scrubbed away;
Her floors must always be spotless
To be eaten from just any day.
She never took the time
To read, to sing or play;
Her conversation was so dull
That folks from her ran away.
It's what we put into our lives
That with happiness will pay;
One day dirt will cover us
And who eats from floors, anyway?



There may be a destiny that shapes our ends
but our middles are of own choosing.